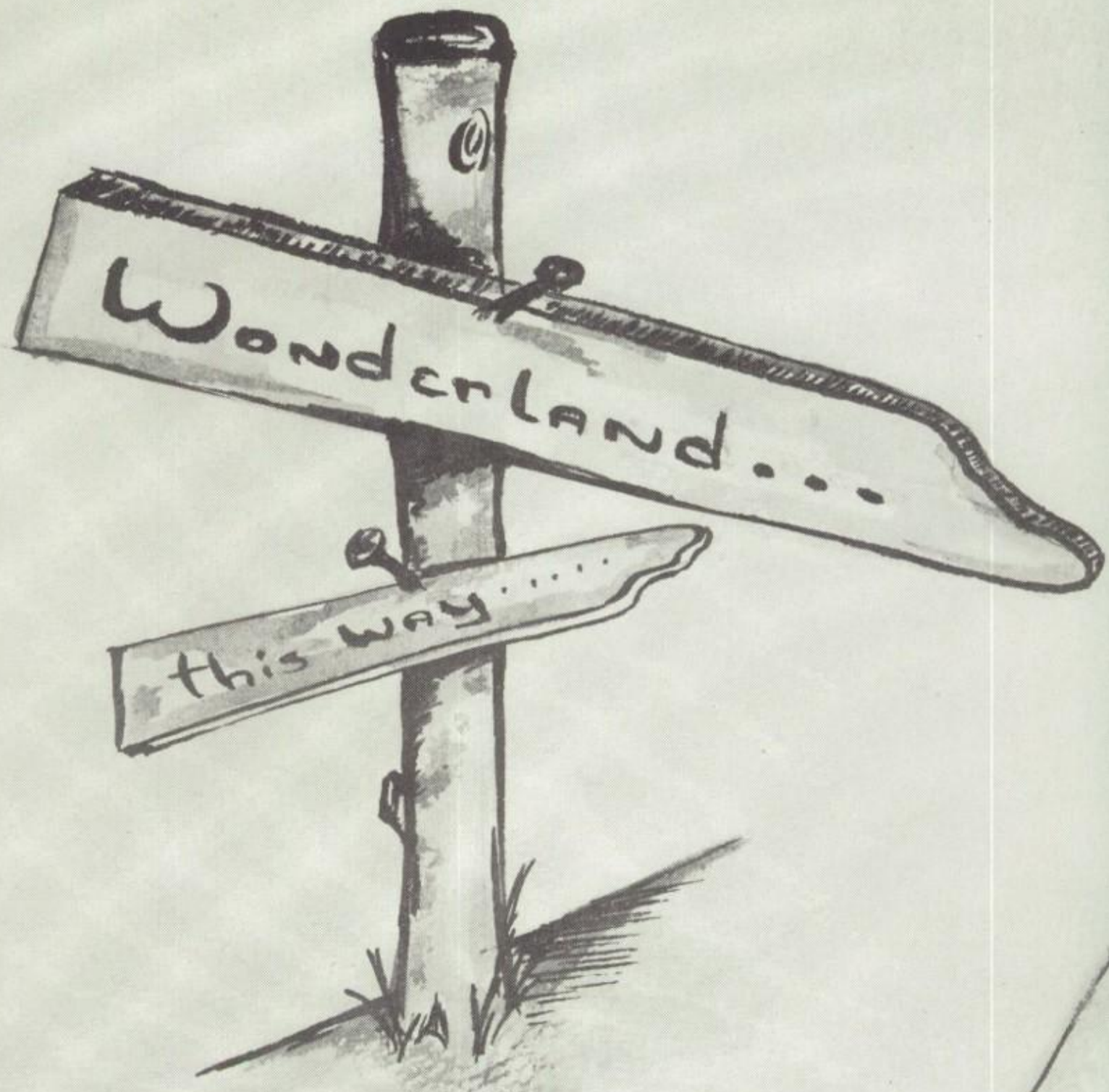
THE HOURGLASS

1952

THE HOURGLASS

CATHERINE CLARK - - - Editor-in-Chief

MARY LOU COOK - - - Business Manager



"..In a Wonderland they lie,
Dreaming as the days go by,
Dreaming as the summers die:

Ever drifting down the stream—
Lingering in the golden gleam—
Life, what is it but a dream?.."

THE STUDENTS OF THE

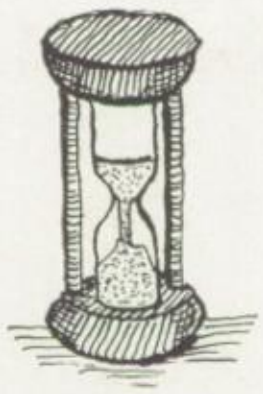
COLUMBIA SCHOOL

of

Rochester, N. Y.

present

THE 1952 HOURGLASS



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF - - - - CATHERINE CLARK '52

BUSINESS MANAGER - - - - MARY LOU COOK '52

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JANICE VAUGHN '52
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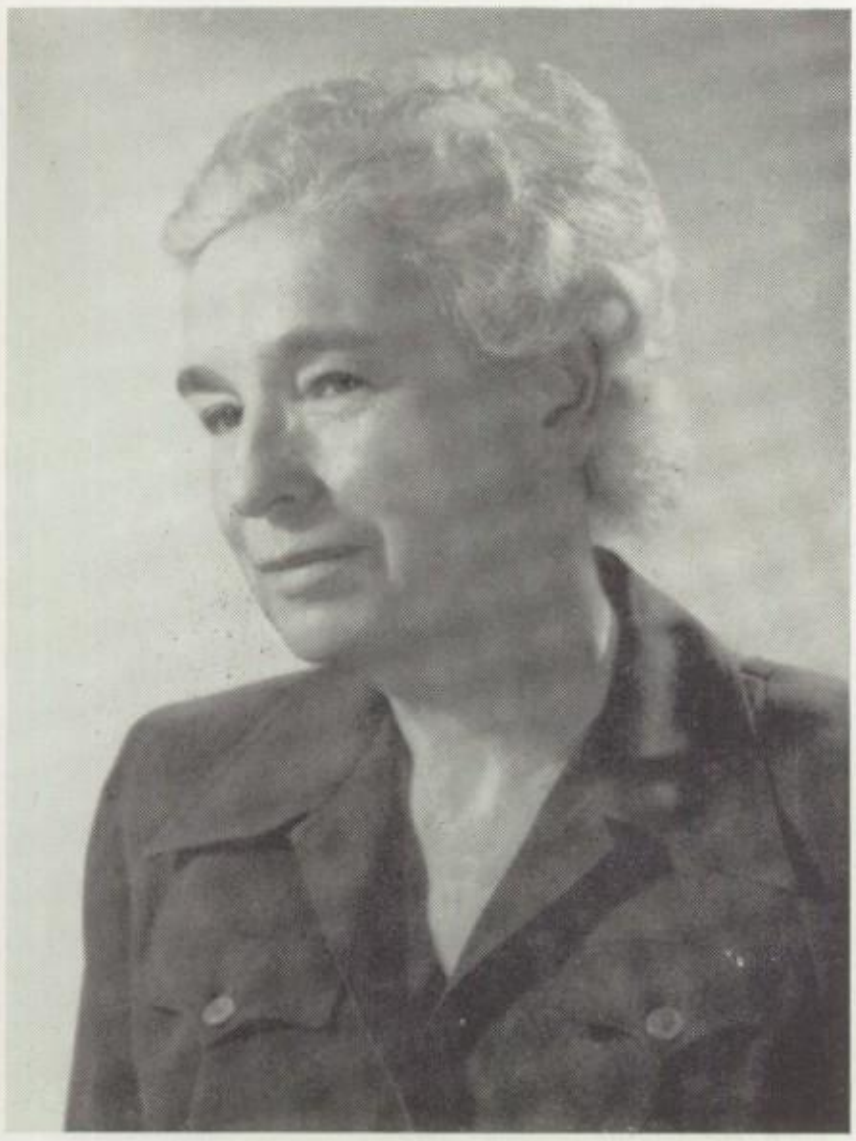
SUE LENNOX '57
LORIOT DE LA COUR '57

ART EDITOR - - - - - GEORGETTE HEYMAN '52

PHOTOGRAPHY EDITOR - - - - LINDA MCGHEE '53

Illustrations inspired by Sir John Tenniel from Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*



Mrs. Della E. Simpson
Headmistress

I know of no better advice to you at your Commencement time than to recommend that you read, and act upon, the following quotation from Samuel Johnson:

"Life affords no higher pleasure than that of surmounting difficulties, passing from one step of success to another, forming new wishes, and seeing them gratified. He that labors in any great or laudable undertaking has his fatigues first supported by hope, and afterwards rewarded by joy . . .

To strive with difficulties, and to conquer them, is the highest human felicity."

Della Simpson

You, the Seniors, are eager for the wider experience toward which you move next year. That spirit is right and good. You have made a fine contribution during your years of training at Columbia and it is with confidence that I see you go your ways to college years.

Nell Skillin

Miss Nell Skillin
Assistant Headmistress

WE DEDICATE THIS BOOK

To our "Mademoiselle" and "Senorita" we dedicate this book with affection. We shall never forget your unfailing sense of humor and merry spirit which have so brightened our days here at Columbia. Through your teaching you have given to us a better understanding of other people, and their ways of life.

In leaving, we, your "little geeses" don't want to say "good-bye" to you, but "au revoir," because we know it means "until we meet again."

The Seniors

FACULTY

Mrs. Della Simpson, M.A., Headmistress; Current History

Miss Nell Skillin, M.Ed., Assistant Headmistress; Chemistry

Mrs. Jean Campbell, B.S.
Middle School English, Science

Miss Ruth C. Child, Ph.D.
English

Miss Elizabeth Churchill, M.A.
Mathematics

Miss Grace Diment, Diploma in teaching
Third Grade

Miss Priscilla Fergusson
Nursery School

Mr. Theodore Hollenbach
Singing

Miss Maisie Littlefield, B.S.
Nursery School

Miss Dorothy Meehan, B.S.
Physical Education, Hygiene

Miss Helen Monroe, B.A.
Second Grade

Miss Edith Nye, B.A.
History, Social Studies

Mrs. Madeleine Parker, M.A.
Art, History of Art

Mrs. Laura Plass, Diploma in Teaching
Middle School Mathematics, Social Studies

Miss Jean Reid, B.A.
Mathematics, Science, Biology

Miss Elizabeth Stubbs, M.A.
Typing, Secretary

Mrs. Marguerite Treman, Certificate
French

Miss Joan Twaddle, M.A.
Latin, English

Mlle. Olga Vuagniaux, Diplome Pedagogique
French, Spanish

Miss Carolyn Weston, M.A.
Kindergarten

Mrs. Carol Willems, B.A.
First Grade

Miss Grace Alexander
Secretary

Mrs. Katherine Jensen, B.A., B.S. in L.S.
Librarian

Mrs. Zelda Johnson, B.S.
Food Supervisor

Miss Lillian Jones, R.N.
School Nurse

A TRIBUTE

To Miss Church—a loyal member of the class of '52. For three years you have advised us after all our mistakes and praised our accomplishments. We appreciate your interest and faith in us, and in this way we express our love and thanks.

The Seniors

1. Columbia chow line. 2. "I say ——" 3. Have a few people! 4. Seventh grade pals. 5. The Juniors think it's funny. 6. "What's the matter, Miss Reid?"

"...and Alice opened the door..."

Social Work 3; Chairman of Spring Fling 3; Chairman of Dress Committee 4; Study Hall 4; White Team; 2 years at Columbia.

CAROLYN GAIL ANGEVINE

"Gail"

101 pounds of fun . . . that's our carrot-top Gail . . . Buddy to Katie, but that goes for all of us . . . A half pint of sparkle . . . clear blue eyes that express every mood . . . a ready smile and an infectious giggle..."THAT WILL BE 10 CENTS FOR THAT SWEATER" . . . Her friendships are as constant as her freckles . . . "WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO WEAR, NEIGHBOR?" . . . Can't leave her room the same for ten minutes . . . a trifle confused wizard in chemistry . . . sees her dentist twice a day . . . New York, New York . . . is a wonderful town, and Gail is a wonderful girl.

"There are those who give with joy, and that joy is their reward."

Drama Club 1,2,3,4; Flag Raiser 1; Study Hall 2; Chairman Food Committee for May Day Breakfast 2; Chairman of Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet 3; Bell Ringer 3, 4; Social Work 2,3; Student Council 3; Vice President Student Council 4; Glee Club 2; Editor of the *Hourglass* 4; Blue Team; 8 years at Columbia.

"To be of use in the world is the only way to be happy."

CATHARINE ANNE CLARK

"Katie"

"K.T." . . . A summertime girl with red hair . . . a Walter Winchell with an acute appendix . . . Willie's favorite pal . . . will start conversations with everyone she meets and send each away feelin' good . . . St. Paul's till six . . . Children love her . . . an enfolding smile that writes friendship all over her face . . . What she says is honest, frank, yet somehow always kind . . . We tried to warn 'er . . . our Editor-in-Chief . . . a rushed life . . . a private car, but she's going our way . . . We hope she always will.

Assemblies Committee 2; Chairman of Finance Committee for the Spring Fling 2; Social Work 3; Study Hall 3; Chairman of Tickets for "The Gondoliers" 2; Chairman of Food committee for the Spring Fling 3; Student Council 4; Chairman of Social Welfare Committee 4; Chairman of Finance Committee for Christmas Dance 4; White Team; 15 years at Columbia.

ELIZABETH ANNE COCKCROFT

"Liz"

Oh, that wonderful laugh . . . saved over from a happy childhood . . . famous for her curly hair . . . a demon at the wheel . . . our class I.Q. . . . a glowing face . . . a gentle, wise look . . . "BUT MAM'SELLE" . . . "French class, another day, another pain" . . . our chemist . . . Liz, what's the answer to example 17? . . . A Lake Placid enthusiast from way back . . . Northway Lodge summers, with an occasional trip to England for a spot of tea . . . "DASH IT ALL, ANYWAY."

"Honor lies in honest toil."

Business Staff of *Hourglass* 1,2, 3,4; Social Work 2,3; Co-chairman of decorations for Spring Fling 2; Chairman of Civil Defense Committee 3, 4; Glee Club 1,2,4; Junior Health Association 3,4; Business Manager of *Hourglass* 4; Business Staff of *Sanddrift* 3,4; Chairman of decorations for Christmas Dance 4; Dramatic Club 4; White Team; 12 years at Columbia.

"A mighty spirit fires that little frame."

MARY LOUISE COOK

"Cookie"

Cookie . . . a mixture of pessimism and cheerfulness . . . never leaves a job unfinished . . . some one to count on for anything . . . a business woman . . . knows when to keep quiet . . . a conversationalist and a good listener . . . "WHERE'S THE DICTIONARY?" . . . Reviver of the Charleston . . . "skiing is a second, perfect world" . . . looks nine times at all railroad crossings, then honks at the trains . . . a "Harvey" of her own in the form of George Kilroy . . . "Meet the deadline" . . . a plus personality . . . Pepsodent smile . . . sparkling eyes with three inch lashes . . . will get where she's going, yet will never forget a friend.

Literary Staff of the *Hourglass* 1,2,3,4; Chairman of Halloween Party 2; Student Council 2; Co-head of Photography for the *Hourglass* 3; School Store Representative 2; Social Work 3; Chairman of Entertainment for Fathers and Daughters' Banquet 3; Drama Club 3,4; Chairman of Invitations for Christmas Dance 4; President of Student Council 4; White Team; 7 years at Columbia.

PATRICIA TODD GOODWIN

"Patsy"

"Pres" . . . any old business? . . . slightly curly hair and the nose with the tilt . . . won her the place of "most attractive" in senior poll . . . never uses a pencil over an inch long . . . or runs out of her supply of jokes about "little ducks" . . . typically Irish humor . . . Godmother to Lizzie's dog . . . and a sailor from way back . . . learned to drive (like the rest of us) in the peony bed at Gratwicks' . . . always gets the coli-wobbles, especially before speeches . . . famous for her slumber parties and picnics . . . Pulitzer Prize novelist of 1960 . . . That's our P.T.G. . . . Best of luck, Patsy.

"Look, then, into thine heart, and write."

Student Council 1; House Committee 2; Drama Club 2,3,4; Co-Chairman of the Spring Fling 2; In cast of "The Gondoliers" 2; Glee Club 1,2; Secretary of Student Council 4; Chairman of Drama Club 4; Chairman of Christmas Dance 4; Blue Team; 4 years at Columbia.

"Those who bring sunshine to the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves."

LEE GRATWICK

"Leo"

Leo . . . with a crew cut . . . the Carol Channing of '52 . . . her house parties are the downfall of our hair . . . moonlight swims . . . toasty marshmallows . . . . settling of world questions . . . a generous friend . . . a gay smile with a special satanic wink of her own . . . a Yaleite who adores Cornell house parties . . . a singing voice that's far above us . . . a talking voice that's gentle, down to earth . . . fun to be with always . . . goes effortlessly from the ridiculous to the sublime . . . one of the best.

Glee Club 1,2,4; Social Work 2; "The Gondoliers" 2; Athletic Association 3; Drama Club 3,4; School Store 2; Study Hall 2,4; "Hansel and Gretel" 4; White Team; 5 years at Columbia.

RUTH HAVILAND GRISWOLD

"Griz"

"DID I GET A LETTER?" . . . her unpredictable bangs are one of the reasons we come to school . . . knows how to tell a story and make us love every minute of it . . . always on a new and better diet, but we like her the way she is . . . a deep, then bubbling laugh . . . a twinkle and a dimple that are special . . . the very last to get a joke . . . yet has a sense of humor that rarely fades . . . "WHICH ONE SHALL I ASK THIS TIME?" . . . loves camping and summer . . . knows every new song, and loves every old one . . . meets new friends easily, and keeps old friends well . . . Griz . . . our Teddy bear with the great big heart.

"Good humor may be said to be one of the very best articles of dress one can wear in society."

Athletic Association 1; Student Council 2,4; Social Work 2; Co-chairman of Food for Spring Fling 2; Chairman of May Day Breakfast 2; Dress Committee 3; Co-head of Pound 3; Chairman of Athletic Association 4; Blue Team; 4 years at Columbia.

"Quiet until you know her, then what a wealth you find."

ANN HALLE

"Halle"

"I'LL GET MY LICENSE YET, YOU WAIT" . . . a ready blush with a diffident smile . . . a special understanding of people that few have . . . loves to ride for ice cream, even if it means going to Maine . . . quiet and thoughtful, but when she's in a rare mood we can't quiet her down . . . always has a cute joke for our birthdays . . . she never forgets us . . . we'll always remember her . . . "Senorita Halle" . . . a friend to be cherished . . . She's the tops.

Library Committee 3,4; Blue Team; 2 years at Columbia.

CLARA MAY HAMILTON

"Clara"

Our Egyptian princess . . . longs to be an Eskimo . . . "ME DANCE? ARE YOU KIDDING?" . . . definite rules for house parties (never go to bed . . . 2 A.M. is the best time for swimming . . . nothing but western songs, or sad dreamy ones) . . . a quick smile . . . a short laugh of appreciation over some joke . . . she never seems to mind being alone, yet we'd look far to find a better companion for any mood . . . our Junior Scholastic reader . . . "Hambone" . . . the girl who is different . . . and fun.

"One touch of fire,—and all the rest is mystery."

House Committee 1; Flag Raiser 1; Library Committee 2; Chairman of Library Committee 3; Social Welfare 3; Junior Red Cross Representative 3,4; Chairman of Study Hall 4; Student Council 4; Literary Staff of *Hourglass* 3,4; White Team; 6 years at Columbia.

"I shall light a candle of understanding in thine heart, which shall not be put out."

NANCY DINWIDDIE HARMON

"Nan"

Oscar's best friend . . . the perfect hostess at Christmas Dance dinners and moonlight hay rides, — with watermelon . . . Head of the "res" . . . owner of the Blue Door . . . she's never in a rush, our hormone . . . a quiet voice . . . slightly rhetorical about study hall . . . never fails to ask the right question in history . . . "IS THERE STILL A HAY MARKET IN CHICAGO?" a wonderful sport in every way . . . hates to scold any one so she tries her special humorous approach . . . puts up with all our tormenting jokes . . . class clown . . . will keep us together . . . our Nance.

Chairman of Decorations for Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet 3; Christmas Play 3; Dramatic Club 3,4; Chairman of House Committee 4; Student Council 4; Chairman of Scenery for "Hansel and Gretel"; Blue Team; Art Editor of *Hourglass* 4; Literary staff of *Hourglass* 4; 2 years at Columbia.

GEORGETTE MADELEINE HEYMAN

"Georgie"

"Frenchie" . . . ooo la la . . . dark curly hair . . . expressive eyes . . . artistic, on paper and in conversation . . . loves to day dream . . . owns a collection of 14-page letters . . . at nineteen, a mere infant,—and a sage . . . distinctive Southern drawl with the beginnings of a Rochester A . . . throaty laughter sparked with twinkle-eyes . . . "the voice" . . . a poet . . . in history, "HOW DID TEXAS VOTE ON THIS ISSUE?" . . . "THIS IS A MAN?" . . . she came much too late, we wish we'd known her earlier . . . "George" . . . she'll add charm and wisdom, wherever she goes.

"Every painter ought to paint what he himself loves."

Social Welfare Committee 1; Head of School Store 2,3,4; Co-chairman of the Pound 3; Chairman of decorations for Spring Fling 3; Social Work 2,3; Junior Red Cross Representative 3,4; Social Welfare Committee 4; Keeper of Student Activities Book 4; Blue Team; 4 years at Columbia.

"It is not doing the thing we like to do, but liking the thing we have to do, that makes life blessed."

DIANE HOLAHAN

"Di"

"Di" . . . melancholy eyes and blonde hair . . . a gentle way of doing things ...but a burner of lamb chops..."IT'S FATTENING BUT I'M HUNGRY" . . . should be showing up any day now driving a '34 Ford . . . Canandaigua summers . . . A Placid lover . . . at Diane's you'll hear the best show tunes, and a little Chopin on the side... a hard worker at school . . . "Hygiene contradicts Biology" . . . knows all and tells little . . . fun to be with, and an asset at every party . . . our "Irma" . . . and a wonderful friend.

Member of House Committee 3,4; Blue Team; 3 years at Columbia.

BARBARA BRUCE HUMPHREY

"Boo"

"Born yesterday"... blonde, blue-eyed, innocent . . . and very cute . . . never fails to miss the joke . . . "Hi, Birdie" ... Charleston, Charleston ... a personalized railroad track and a poised cat ... makes even the most common things seem special . . . a favorite at 22 South Goodman, and at each of her 160 week ends . . . summertime, you'll find her swimming in the day time, hearing jazz at night . . . "WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE KISSMAS" . . . "I TAUT I SAW A PUTTY CAT" . . . the sunshine in the class of '52,—that's our "Boo."

"Nothing is impossible to a willing heart."

Athletic Association 2; Chairman of decorations for May Day Breakfast 2; Student Council 3; Chairman of Welcoming Committee for Fathers' and Daughters' Banquet 3; Social Work 3; Fashion Board 3; Captain of Blue Team 4; 9 years at Columbia.

"I hate nobody, I am in charity with the world."

JEAN FRANCES LENNOX

"Jean"

Jean . . . the class wit . . . with a cute grin . . . and a Colgate smile for special occasions . . . one dimple . . . and a sympathetic understanding of people . . . loved for her marvelous *faux pas* . . . "I WAS ADEPT WHEN I JUMPED IN THE RIVER LAST WEEK" . . . dislikes home work like the rest of us . . . "WHAT DOES SHE THINK I AM, A DYNAFLOW?" . . . a wee bit lazy . . . "DO YOU THINK I SHOULD PUT THE TOES IN THESE SOCKS?" . . . some one who appreciates the best . . . chauffeur and baby sitter . . . Lennox . . . what should we do without you?

Study Hall 3; Chairman of Finance Committee for Spring Fling 3; Chairman of Finance Committee for Fathers and Daughters' Banquet 3; Literary Staff of *Hourglass* 3,4; Glee Club 3; Chairman of Assemblies Committee 4; Dramatic Club 4; Editor of *Sanddrift* 4; Chairman of Welcoming Committee for Christmas Dance 4; President of Senior Class; White Team; 2 years at Columbia.

JANICE HARPER VAUGHN

"Jan"

The girl who has patiently waited and always been last . . . in roll call we mean, not anything else . . . the President of the senior class . . . whose efforts are sincerely appreciated . . . howls at the most stupid jokes we can think of, and has been known to make a few jokes of her own . . . a chemist in her own right, she'll go far in the field . . . blue eyes and a small flash of a smile . . . "the brain" . . . supporter of both the good neighbor policy and old age pensions . . . mainstay of the second sopranos . . . one who'll keep us together come what may . . . "Jan" . . . she'll never let us down.

"You are good in countless ways."

Clara
Jan
Georgie
Patsy

Di
Liz
Katie
Griz

Jean
Leo
Cookie

Nance
Boo
Halle
Gail

Last Will And Testament

We, the class of 1952 of the Columbia School, Inc., City of Rochester, County of Monroe, State of New York, being out of mind and too sound in body, do hereby bequeath and bestow the following in our Last Will and Testament, thereby rendering invalid all previous legal documents by us made.

To Mrs. Simpson we leave an honorary membership in next year's class.

To the class of 1953 we leave the privileges the class of '51 left us. We never found them! Good luck, '53.

We leave this year's eighth grade the Spring Fling.

We leave the class of '53 the Aspirin box to cure the headaches of running a school.

Gail leaves the problems of being a redhead to Liz.

KT leaves her baby-sitting job to Marie-Eve.

Liz leaves her curls to Mademoiselle.

Cookie leaves George Kilroy to Miss Skillin.

Patsy leaves her Friday afternoon ball and chain to the next excellent third year French student.

Lee leaves "Leo" to Lee Saunders.

Griz leaves her naturally curly hair to Betsy Pease.

Halle leaves her blush to Twink.

Clara leaves her large appetite to Helen Vaughn.

Nancy leaves a perfect Study Hall at the Residence and a room-mate that gets up by herself to Shirley.

Georgie leaves her southern French accent ("vous-tous," i.e., "you-all") to Peggy Pevear.

Diane leaves her long-lost license to Kitch.

Boo leaves Sally Griz something to bite on besides the punch line!

Jean leaves her diet books to Sandy Clements.

Janice takes everything with her.

Witnesses

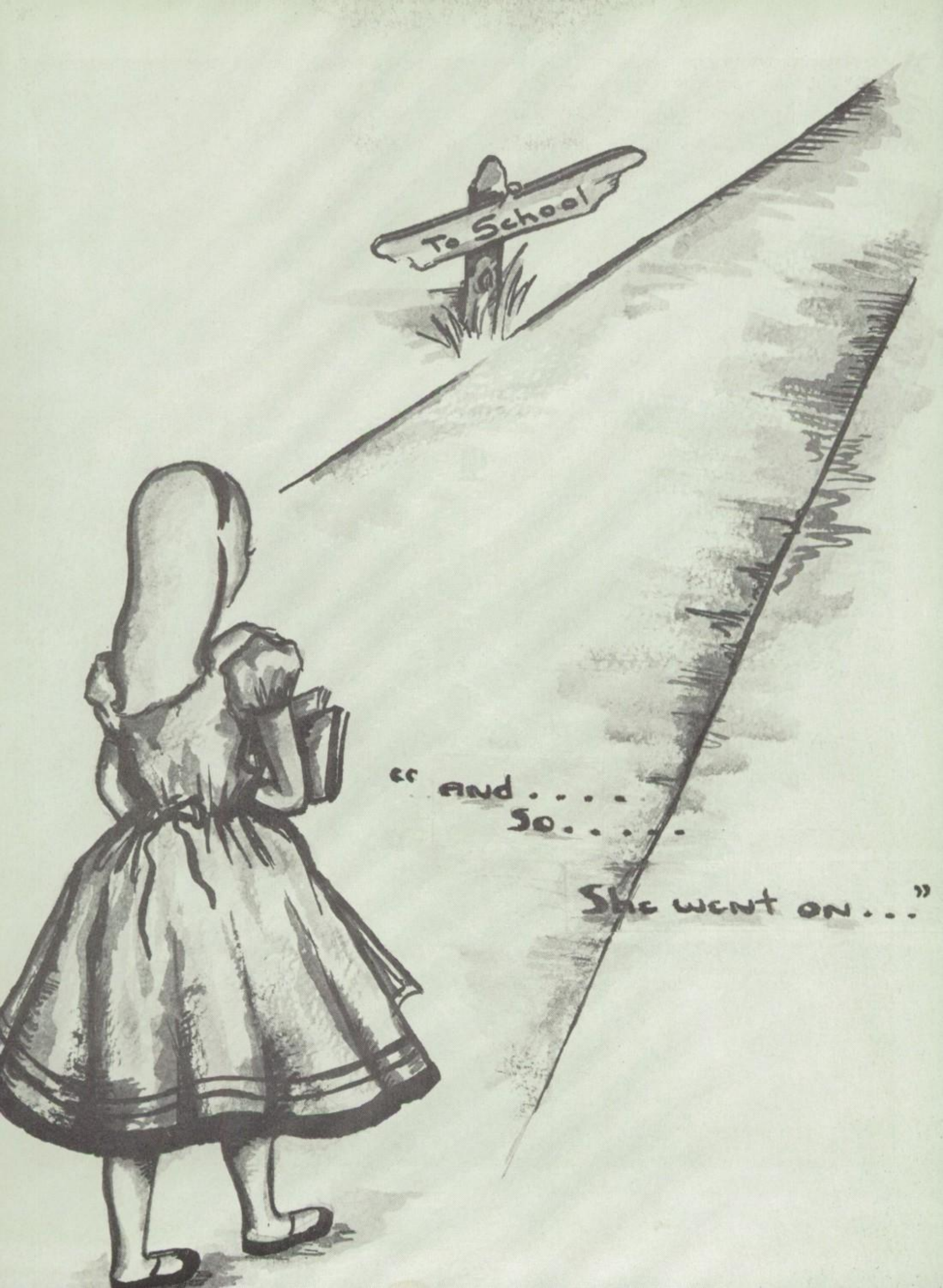
Catherine Clark

Patsy Goodwin

Marylou Cook

1. Lucky dogs! 2. Come hither! 3. Decapitated. 4. Let me have a swig! 5. "And do you know what Tommy said?" 6. For just one dollar. 7. Who's your candidate? 8. The 'Virgilian' look. 9. Now let's look at it this way.

1. Pepsodent smiles plus. 2. The third hand. 3. He uses Burmashave. 4. Say, say. 5. Who, me? 6. Oh, for Pete's sake! 7. Here comes Georgie. 8. Hey, look what I found. 9. Columbia Choral League.


To School
" and . . . . .
So . . . . .
She went on . . . "

JUNIOR CLASS

The "S" Class . . . sports and society . . . tied Sophs in crucial basketball game . . . always hunting dates for some dance . . . balloons and cotton candy equaled a successful bazaar . . . fun and new friends . . . Ann Littlefield, Liz Jackson and Foo Rochow . . . food? . . . wining and dining at Dad's and Daughter's Dinner . . . work? settlement houses, hospitals and term papers . . . "Where are you going to college?" . . . they wish they knew . . . only May 15 will tell . . . until then . . . Thus the Juniors.

Sitting: Phyllis Rochow, Jane Breese, Loraine Bills, Sally Huberlie, Karen Young, Sally Clarke. *Standing:* Sally Griswold, Marilyn Pucci, Mary McAmmond, Nancy Walker, Ann Hunt, Pam Benham, Elizabeth Jackson, Helen Shaw. *On the stairs:* Linda McGhee, Ann Littlefield, Kitsy Farrow, Eleanor Clark, Joanne Allendorf, Molly Rusin, Janne Ward. *Absent:* Sandy Clements.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

The silly Sophs . . . Bridge Club . . . best yet! . . . Allendale seems to think so . . . Initiation of the Frosh . . . you bet! . . . Halloweening the night before! . . . *Green Pastures* . . . The Sophomore Winter Stock Company . . . Calories, Inc. . . . our Social Welfare project . . . "Who's going to stay and sell candy tonight?" . . . May Breakfast . . . "But, Daddy, you just have to come this year!" . . . This is dancing? . . . plus two . . . minus three . . . the Sophs . . . teamwork . . . with noise . . . dependable . . . and . . . every last one . . . crazy! . . . but . . . "Maybe next year" . . . We'll be Juniors!

Sitting: Shirley Petrossi, Barbara Beale, Sally Hunt, Nancy Lowenthal, Barbara Bowman, Toni Cook. *Standing:* Margaret Pevear, Ann Morgan, Margot Cameron, Carolyn Hall, Martha Harris, Susan Wells, Peggy Foxall, Cynthia Thomson, Heather Galbraith, Julie Newton.

Sitting: Gail Beere, Mary Louise Bratt, Karen Hart, Dotty Milella, Marie-Eve Stanley, Gail Manson. *Standing:* Joyce Chapman, Jane Knight, Lee Sanders, Anne Curtis, Betsy Angle, Sally Wells, Xenia Klotz, Carol Clements. *Absent:* Helen Vaughn.

FRESHMAN CLASS

Our energetic Freshmen . . . were thoroughly initiated by Sophs . . . brought many laughs with *Pyramus and Thisbe* . . . loved Bridge Clubs—or attempts . . . disappearance of Mademoiselle's pencils—appearance of "Mamzelle" pencils . . . revealed their talents in talent show . . . insisted on changing and exchanging hairdo's . . . added eleven, subtracted one and multiplied their number by three . . . as first year guests, enjoyed the Christmas dance . . . and clean-up? . . . called many "progressive" class meetings . . . had fun anywhere and everywhere.

First row: Betsy Buckley, Eve Hall, Sarah Mills, Beth Kidd. *Second row:* Lidabell Lunt, Harriet Elwood, Ruth Goodwin, Susie Goldman, Susan Denker. *Third row:* Barbara Erdle, Sally Wadsworth, Lorane Clark. *Fourth row:* Helen Clark, Penny Delafield, Barbara Bonner, Joan Rodgers, Sharyl Street.

8th GRADE

Always busy . . . working . . . talking . . . laughing . . . spread their laughter with Charlie Chaplin movies . . . and jelly beans . . . contest winners . . . with the sevens, marched their dimes right over the top . . . always 100% . . . singing and Charlestoning both displayed in talent show . . . our future cheer leaders . . . and freshmen class.

7th GRADE

Hustling to and fro, from homeroom to classes . . . asking questions . . . What are you—a blue or a white? . . . winning contests and sharing honors with the eights . . . roller-skating party — a big success . . . lost fourteen of their classmates . . . but only for a week . . . Anybody want to buy a magazine subscription? . . . least, only in years.

Sitting: Saralynn Clark, Sue Rodgers, Loriot De LaCour, Judy Hudson, Marten Poole, Sue Lennox, Jeanette Phelps, Joan Cockcroft, Carol Schwartz, Margery Whitaker. *Standing:* Harriet Royer, Linda Brereton, Helen Cohen, Linda Gordon, Penny Todd, Sherley Smith, Betsy Pease, Carol Brairton, Edie Gleason. *Absent:* Wanda Geib, Cobina Cooley.

3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th GRADES

Our talented middle school . . . besides producing James Thurber's "Many Moons," which was excellent . . . put on a very humorous puppet show in two parts, *Alice in Wonderland* and *Hansel and Gretel* . . . young authors wrote and illustrated several books . . . their spelling contest had eleventh grade words . . . imagine! . . . what a future generation Columbia has in store!

First row: Lucia Gordon, Roberta Preu, Diane Lunt, Marjorie Saunders, Cathy Allen, Cathy Anstice, Louise Barnell, Sherry Howard, Susan McBride, Ann McCoy, Ann Angle, Jacqueline Harris, Elizabeth Case. *Second row:* Andrea Alberts, Gay Pierson, Eleanor Messler, Ann Wickins, Elizabeth Mider, Martha Stewart, Margaret Delafield, Carol Anstice. *Third row:* Anne Trainor, Marie Gordon, Astrid Delafield, Carolyn Davis, Sandra McNairn, Sandra Luke, Sally Nichols, Elizabeth Winslow, Beverly Anstice. *Fourth row:* Jeanne Cann, Victoria Hawks. *Absent from picture:* Suzanne Jones, Carolyn Sanford, Carolyn Wright, Grethe Broderson.

Top row: Nancy Peters, Barbara Luke, Marcia Pierson. *Second row:* Linda Del Monaco, William Watson, Treacy Hickok, Margot Jones, Suzanne Harris. *Back row:* Heidi Hollenbach, Helen Knox, James De Bloom, Roberta Deverian, Jane Hansford, Julie Willsea, Kim Townsend. *Absent from picture:* Claire Shantz.

1st and 2nd GRADES

They loved the jungle-gym, but they did not forget their friends . . . they packed a Thanksgiving basket for a needy family . . . put on a Christmas program of songs and tableaux . . . brought clothes for children of their own age in our adopted Greek School . . . contributed to the March of Dimes and the Red Cross . . . a busy group of "Columbia-ites."

Front row: Beth Reveley, Beverley Gervasi, Darryl Crane, Teddie Wehle. *Back row:* Charlotte Wright, Sabra Whitmore, Erica Hollenbach, Mimi Clark, Diana Atwood, David Sabin. *Absent from picture:* Mary Alice Wickins, Elizabeth Wesson.

KINDERGARTEN

Great artists lay on their first colors . . . great singers try their first notes . . . great pilots fly in dreams after the trip to the airport . . . and society blossoms at a Holiday Tea Party with chocolate milk and cookies . . . thus we live and learn.

NURSERY SCHOOL

Smiles everyday . . . whether rain or shine . . . ringing laughter that finds its way into all hearts . . . small hands that handle floppy toys . . . ready for outside play . . . even in the worst weather . . . gleaming eyes . . . that close into a peaceful sleep at midday . . . our little cherubs.

At tables: Anne von Lombeck, Katie Levy, Sharon Smith, Christopher Harding, Peggy Raskind, Pamela Collins, Martha Germanow, Cathy Fennell, Marie Harris. *On floor:* Beth McGuire, Chip Wehle, Robert Lempert, Ann Weismiller, Ronnie Hallman, Molly Cowgill. *Absent from picture:* Rex Stevenson, Karyl Bechtold, Peter Atwood, Margaret Olsan, Deborah Cook, Andy Neisner, Roy Willitts, Tommy Hudnut, Lucia Hellebush.

"Oh dear! . . . .
I shall be too
late . . ."

Sitting: Elizabeth Cockcroft, Shirley Petrossi, Sally Hunt, Ann Halle, Lee Gratwick, Eve Hall, Patsy Goodwin (President), Miss Skillin, Georgie Heyman, Nancy Harmon, Lee Sanders, Joan Cockcroft. *Standing:* Joann Allendorf, Mary McAmmond, Sandy Clements, Mary Louise Bratt, Jeanette Phelps, Loriot De LaCour, Betsy Buckley, Catherine Clark.

STUDENT COUNCIL

After school, on the first Monday of each month, about fifteen girls pile into the English room. There is the customary "The meeting will please come to order" by the president, Patsy Goodwin, and the Student Council begins its work. The Council consists of representatives from the six upper classes, chairmen of the major committees, and a president and vice-president. They are called upon to solve a great variety of problems. They elect chairmen for special school activities like the Father and Daughters' Banquet. In the spring, they nominate officers for the following year. Whatever is discussed, the student body may be sure that its interests and problems are being carefully considered from the first pound of the gavel to the words "Meeting adjourned."

STUDY HALL COMMITTEE

Our honor study hall demonstrates our ability, as high school students, to conduct ourselves properly without the supervision of an adult. The Study Hall Committee's purpose is to enforce the study hall rules. This year's committee, whose able chairman is Nancy Harmon, has proved its worth in the handling of the various difficult tasks which confront the committee. Since we are one of the few schools privileged to have an honor study hall we are rightfully proud of it. We should also realize that if we learn to let our sense of honor dictate our actions in high school, we shall be better citizens in the future. It is the purpose of an honor study hall like ours to encourage this development.

Standing: Betsy Angle, Helen Shaw, Lory Bills, Penny Delafield, Susie Goldman. *On stairs:* Margot Cameron, Wanda Geib, Marten Poole, Miss Reid, Nancy Harmon (Chairman), Carol Clements. *On porch:* Sue Rodgers, Margaret Pevear, Ruth Griswold, Ann Littlefield.

Social Welfare Committee

The Social Welfare Committee members could well be called the Columbia "busy bees." They seem to be always buzzing around raising money and clothes for the many organizations to which we contribute, and for Chalki, our adopted school in Greece.

Good causes aided by Columbia include the March of Dimes, the Red Cross, the Community Chest, the Tuberculosis Association and the Health Association. Four girls represent Columbia at the Junior Red Cross meetings each month. Many of the girls work at settlement houses, hospitals and convalescent homes.

We at Columbia find that we enjoy having the opportunity to help those who are less fortunate and that it broadens our understanding and develops our interests.

Front Row: Elizabeth Cockcroft (Chairman), Ann Hunt. *Back Row:* Carolyn Hall, Miss Nye, Marie-Eve Stanley, Diane Holohan, Betsy Pease, Ruth Goodwin.

Seated: Pamela Benham, Nancy Harmon, Peggy Foxall, Jane Ward, Ann Hunt, Miss Child, Catherine Clark *Editor*, Mary Lou Cook *Business Manager*, Georgie Heyman, Sue Lennox, Sarah Mills, Sally Huberlie, Sandy Clements, Patsy Goodwin, Nancy Walker, Loraine Bills, Phyllis Rochow, Kitsy Farrow, Molly Rusin, Susan Wells, Eleanor Clark, Susan Goldman, Carolyn Hall, Barbara Erdle, Loriot DeLaCourt, Elizabeth Jackson, Ann Littlefield, Jane Jane Knight.

Hourglass Staff

Frantic looks covered more than a few faces as the *Hourglass*, Columbia's yearbook, went into its last lap before publication.

Under the leadership of Katie Clark, Editor, and Mary Lou Cook, Business Manager, the entire staff put its all into making this year's *Hourglass* the greatest ever.

Proud of Columbia's artists, the staff voted down having professional photographs on the divisors, insisting that the annual should really represent the school and its talent.

All in all working on the *Hourglass* was a marvelous experience and loads of fun for all the staff. The Staff hopes that the 1952 *Hourglass* will be read and enjoyed, that it will bring smiles to many alumnae faces as they look back on what fun they had in '52.

Seated: Miss Skillin, Georgie Heyman (Chairman), Barbara Humphrey, Nancy Walker.
Above: Nancy Lowenthal, Sarah Mills, Karen Hart.
Absent from picture: Carol Schwartz.

House Committee

"Will everyone please go to gym except those who are cleaning!" This familiar line is heard ringing in the upper hall every afternoon, as Georgie Heyman, chairman of the House Committee, speeds on her workers. The four upper classes work in two-week stints, successively, doing the tasks which have been assigned them—such tasks as washing blackboards, dusting, scrubbing sinks, and, at lunch time, waiting on tables.

The individual duties of Spring Cleaning Day are also assigned by the House Committee. This is the day that Columbia is turned inside out for an airing and polishing. Every girl lends a hand and enjoys it.

Assemblies Committee

We know that we have "stand-up assembly" on Mondays, chorus on Tuesdays and Thursdays, and music appreciation or choric speaking on Fridays. But Wednesday is always "surprise package day." This is the day on which the Assemblies Committee has planned an interesting movie or speaker for us, and, although we are supposedly unaware of the fact, has also planned to educate us. This year the theme of the assemblies has been the people and customs of foreign countries.

We are also entertained by projects put on by each of the classes in the upper school—an innovation of this year's committee. Thus, giving us both "deep" and "light" subjects, the Assemblies Committee has succeeded in adding to our well-rounded outlook.

Seated: Karen Young, Mrs. Simpson, Peggy Foxall.
Standing: Judy Hudson, Dorothy Milella, Janice Vaughn (Chairman).

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

This year, under the leadership of Ann Halle, the Athletic Association has done a fine job of promoting good sportsmanship and team spirit throughout Columbia. The A.A. arranges the Field Day matches, Blue and White team games, and all other student athletic activities.

The A.A. is made up of a representative from each class of the upper school plus the captains of the Blue and White teams, who, for this year, were Jean Lennox and Janne Ward respectively. We want to give many more than three cheers for the A.A. and its fine year's work.

Front Row: Linda McGhee, Jane Ward, Ann Halle (Chairman).
Back Row: Helen Cohen, Jean Lennox, Cynthia Thomson, Joan Rogers, Sally Wells, Miss Meehan.

DRESS COMMITTEE

Every now and then, we see a girl slinking through the halls with her blazer collar turned up or her sweater buttoned high. If we inquire, we are apt to find that the reason for her smothered look is that she has a blouse on which is not included in the specified school uniform. It is useless to try to hide a discrepancy in your uniform because the Dress Committee members have very sharp eyes. If you are the culprit, you are likely to feel a tap on your shoulder, and turn around to find Gail Angevine, the chairman, or another member standing there with her hand extended for your contribution to the Social Welfare! The Dress Committee keeps us on the straight and narrow path.

Sitting: Barbara Beale, Gail Angevine (Chairman), Mademoiselle Vuagniaux, Jane Knight. *Standing:* Linda Gordon, Beth Kidd, Pam Benham.

Ann Morgan, Joyce Chapman, Kitsy Farrow (Chairman), Sally Clarke, Clara Hamilton.

LIBRARY COMMITTEE

When we see Kitsy Farrow standing in the announcement line in assembly, with a lost look on her face, we know that something is missing from the library. When her turn comes, she steps to the front of the assembly and says in a pleading voice, "We seem to have lost our copy of ——. If anyone knows where it is, will she please return it to Mrs. Jensen or me?" Kitsy is the chairman of the Library Committee, whose duty it is to help Mrs. Jensen, our librarian, keep our library running smoothly. There is a member on the committee from each class of the upper school. Don't lose a book, or you'll be sorry!

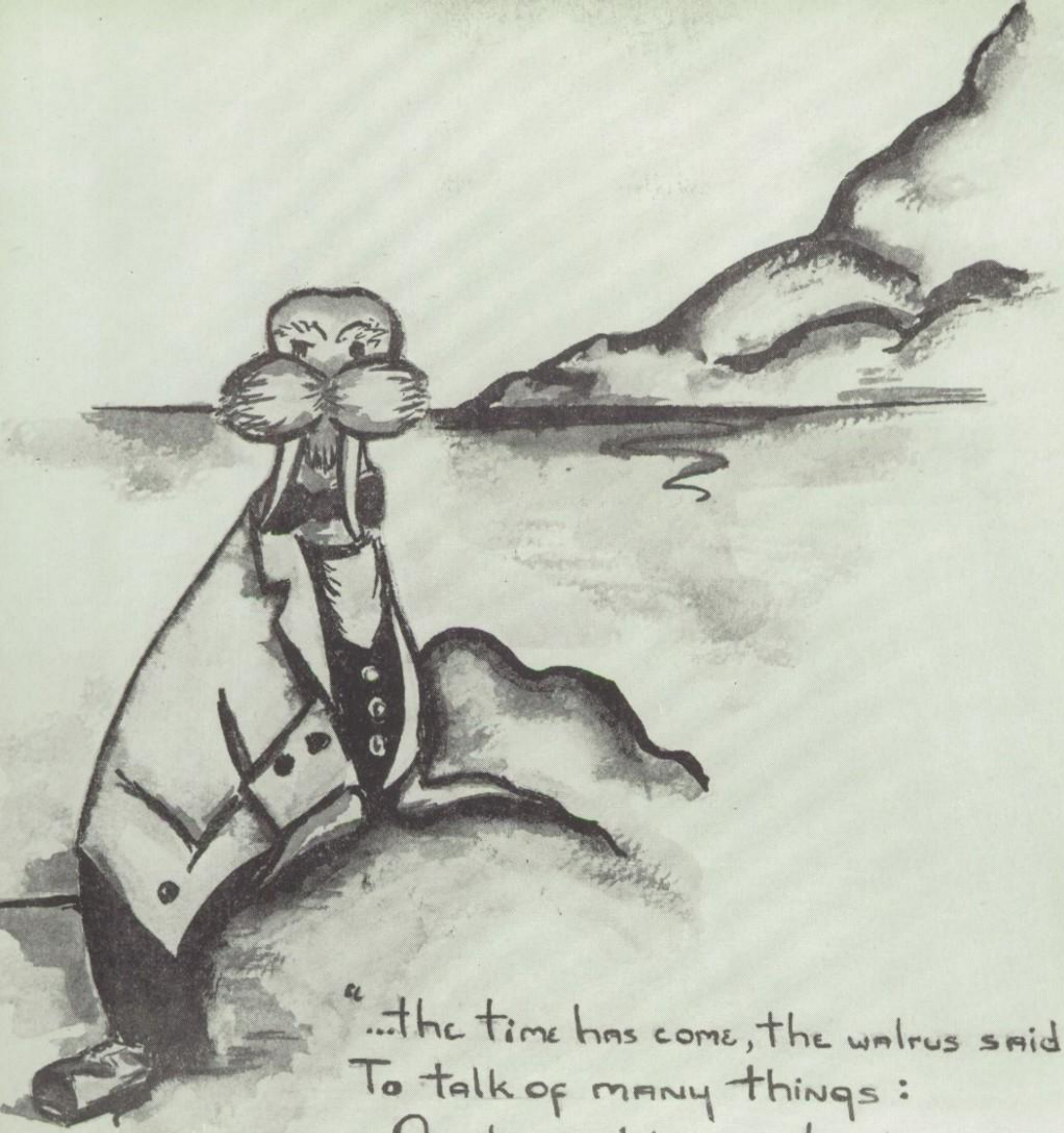
COMMITTEE HEADS

When we see our flag waving daily, or hear the bell which punctuates the day with its signal for the beginning or end of classes, we don't question how the flag arrived at the top of the flagpole, or who has to be constantly aware of the time in order to ring the bell which regulates our day. Our committee heads are like the stagehands of a theater; they are not in evidence on the stage, but without them, the "play" couldn't go on.

Seated: Diane Holohan (Keeper of the Pupil Activities Book), Dorothy Milella (Flag Raiser), Kitsy Farrow (Library Chairman), Marilyn Pucci (Master Treasurer), Lee Gratwick (Chairman of the Christmas Dance).

Standing: Catherine Clark (Bell Ringer), Nancy Walker and Eleanor Clark (Co-Chairmen of the Pound).

Absent from picture: Marie-Eve Stanley (Flag Raiser).



"...the time has come, the walrus said...
To talk of many things:
Of shoes and ships - and sealing wax —
Of cabbages - and kings..."

HASTY PUDDING

He touched the rim of the glass before him with strong tanned fingers. It was the only cool object in the dark room of hot music, hot arguments and smoke. He knew his eyes were staring but he made no move to correct them. He thought "T. Peck Rockwell . . . Telson Peck Rockwell . . . Rocky." After a minute he got out his pen and wrote it on a napkin as he had often written it on a check. "T. Peck Rockwell III." It looked well.

"Oh when the saints go marchin' in . . . oh when the saints . . . " The jazz was good tonight. It was hot, the way jazz was meant to be. It was his kind of music, the way Chopin and Rodgers' waltzes were his kind of music.

"Hey," said Mark, "There's old Bill Worth, must go say hello to him."

Rocky looked into his empty glass. He had decided definitely that he was not a snob. He was glad to be friends with anyone who interested interest him, but anyone had taste. Probably him. Of course there were those who did not there were boys who were not interested in him either.

"Well," Otis said, "I just think I'll have another little snifter to aid my conversation."

The boys who did not interest Rocky were the Harry High-School boys, the ones who wore corduroy jackets and blatant ties. He would give them a chance though, certainly. But more than likely he would then deny them a place in his life.

"Say, Otis," (this was John talking) "whatever became of that girl you knew in Providence?"

The boys who did interest Rocky were with him now. None of them were snobs. They had come from good families, not necessarily wealthy ones. Across from Rocky were John and Otis, the first short, deep-voiced and kind, the second handsome, sensitive and friendly. Next to Rocky sat Mark, lucky, humorous, willing to please. They were good friends, these four. They consulted and gave advice. They discussed intellectually, they had a heck of a good time. At present they were disappointed.

" . . . those Basin, Basin, Basin street Blues." Otis beat his hands on the table. They were good thin hands. There was nothing wrong with those hands of Otis'.

They were good men. From good prep schools and good towns. They were above the average mentally, socially. They were good men. Not one of them had been accepted in Hasty Pudding.

They spoke of everything but this phenomenon. The dance at Westport they had so successfully crashed. The coup of getting to know Debbie Reynolds. They had never made fools of themselves. They were not making fools of themselves now. They were pleasantly and cheerfully tight.

They decided that Anne Lowell was the greatest girl any one of them knew. They concluded that the boys who said they flunked out because of the war scare were liars, and that if they flunked out it was because they were lazy. They were lazy. But they had worked hard on this Hasty Pudding thing, and they had not been accepted.

"There's a Harry High-School" said John. Rocky nodded.

In misery they took apart the Harry High-School. They criticized his dress, his hair cut, his walk. They ordered four more scotch and sodas and drank them miserably. Then they walked back to their rooms, pausing once to watch a freshmen rally in the square. They went on to their fireplaces, letter writing, night caps, and double decker beds. There T. Peck Rockwell silently cried himself to sleep.

Patricia Goodwin '52

COFFEE HOUR

Betsy stirred the coffee slowly with her spoon and watched his thin hands carefully light a match. They shook so very little, she thought, without meaning to notice if they shook at all. She had been going to be so careful not to notice things like that. It had been explained countless times. *Don't expect too much.* She had waited a long time to be able to smile into his eyes with her own; now she dared only watch his white fingers lighting a match.

Don't expect too much at first. War is difficult to live through. Coming home is a second battle. Try not to expect . . . change is inevitable. . .

Had Nick changed? She looked up from his hands slowly, white shirt, red and blue tie, collar, throat. Suddenly she could wait no longer. She looked gently, yet searchingly into her brother's face. The clear eyes met hers for an instant, then fell to the cup of coffee before her on the table. He grinned a little. Her heart stumbled in its beat.

"Strong enough for you?"

"Yes. Where did you ever learn to make good coffee?'

"I learned to make bad coffee on a snow bank over there. This was easy."

She laughed. And it was hard for her to laugh at that. She saw him bending down to light an impossible fire, watching his pot of coffee anxiously, waiting to be warm again. She saw the blue fingers of his friends taking it eagerly, holding it to their cracked lips.

"Coffee hour was the happiest time of day," he said, remembering, "or coffee minute, if there was any excitement." She wanted him to tell her, but that was as much as he offered. She looked past him at the piano by the doors and wondered if he would play again. *Here, Button-nose, this's for you!* The songs were there as he had left them almost two years before. *Sing Johnny One Note, Sing out with gusto!*

If he had changed, how? He was thinner, needed a hair cut. He looked older, but he had been through a great deal. Almost shyly she began telling him about his old friends and what they were doing. Would he hate it that they had not gone to war? Would he hate George for his job on the newspaper, Phil St. John for being able to finish school? As she talked she silently begged him to tell her how he felt. *Oh Nick. Nick. Let me help. Only give me something to go on. Just something that will mean "I haven't changed, not since we listened to 'Tom Mix' together at supper, not since we tumbled laughing into the house after skiing, not since we won the club tennis tournament. Not since the times we sat with Cynthia and Bud listening to Louis Armstrong, or sailed with them that night at the cottage. I haven't changed. I haven't changed since New York when you said goodby that last time. I haven't changed. I'm always Nick.*"

She drank her coffee, put it down and smiled into his eyes. She had wanted him to be the same so terribly that, within her at least, he was the same. He smiled back.

"I'm glad you haven't changed, Bets," he said. So he had worried, too! He had expected her to be different! Perhaps he, too, had been told, *Don't expect too much.* He had expected her to change and he, too, had been grateful. His eyes followed hers to the end of the table, went further to the piano. He stood up.

"This one's for you, Button . . . " It was quiet, tender. It was Laertes to Ophelia, William Wordsworth to Dorothy. It was the epitome of happiness.

Patricia Goodwin, '52

SNOW SOLILOQUY

As I float down through the still, starless night, flake upon flake, whiteness against whiteness, I begin to wonder where I shall settle to spend the last few seconds, minutes, or hours of my life. In what part of the world shall I drift down? Who will see me as I sink to earth?

* * * *

I may be the snow that conceals the white clad patrol as it skims down the mountain in search of the enemy.

* * * *

Perhaps I shall fall, unnoticed through the roar and sulfuric stench of guns, to melt in some dying young soldier's blood. Before the peaceful blanket of death completely shrouds him, he may gaze at me with fever-laden eyes, remembering his home, his girl, and the fun he had as a boy in the snow.

* * * *

Maybe I shall not bring sadness or memories which will soon be forgotten. I may fall past a lace-curtained window where gay African violets bloom. Above these plants an old Frenchwoman may stare at me, remembering the fun and popularity that came in her youth when the snow fell.

* * * *

A pink slipper may be a contrast to my whiteness as a tiny foot is daintily placed on me. I may even be picked up and held in the billowing folds of pink net and swept into the ballroom, only to melt in the gaiety.

* * * *

Then again I may delight some small boy or girl who has never seen me before. I can almost see the surprised looks on their faces when they feel me and find that I am cold. Then there will be the tender looks on their parents' faces as their children ask, "Daddy and Mummy, what is it? Where does it come from? How is it made?"

* * * *

Perhaps I shall be the snowball that will break the school principal's window, and cause five boys with chagrined faces to enter the office and render an abject apology.

* * * *

A dog may use me to bury his newly received

bone, concealing it within my depths, confident it will be in the same place when Spring comes.

* * * *

I may be the snow that makes the slalom race a thing of adventure and courage. Two shining skis may spray me, like a thousand tiny diamonds, into the air, as the skis twist and turn between the red and white striped poles.

I may be the long awaited snow that puts the final coating on the Olympic Ski Jump.

* * * *

Perhaps I shall be the snow that answers all the prayers for a white Christmas, and makes Santa Claus seem more real than ever.

I am destined to drift slowly down to some place, whether famous or unknown. I am destined to bring joy, sorrow, or old memories. I am destined to die, as all things must, somewhere—but where and how? That is the question.

Ann Littlefield '53

WAITING . . . DISAPPOINTMENT

The atmosphere of the café is almost unbearable . . . Smoke rises and drifts restlessly above the heads of the excited Frenchmen on all sides of me. Funny thing about the French, they are always excited—even in the heat they will come up to me and gesture wildly to make me understand what they are saying. If only they would slow down, then it would be easy. This heat . . . The door opens and the tendrils of blue smoke swirl out into the seething darkness. Maybe she is coming . . . but no . . . just another stroller from the Seine. She promised . . . she won't let me down . . . the smoke fascinates me . . . the way it spirals up from the countless cigarettes drooping from unconcerned fingers. Each cigarette has its own wreath of smoke which rises to the dim ceiling and mingles with the smoke of other cigarettes in one hazy cloud. The cigarettes before me in the cracked tray . . . their smoke must be hidden in the smoke above . . . strange . . .

The door, swinging inward again . . . surely it must be she . . . She said she would meet me here, here at this table. What other table could it be? Is this not the table where we sat when I took her hands and told her that she was my very life? This has always been our table . . . our very own. All alone in this corner where we could sit and watch the noisy Frenchmen around us. The door closes . . . a huge burly man staggers down the steps to the bar . . . Oh, why doesn't she come?

The door again . . . maybe? . . . no, just another man for a glass of wine. The promises we made, are they forgotten? . . . surely the hours of happiness we spent here in this very corner must be dear to her as they are to me . . . Spring . . . Summer . . . Fall . . . Winter . . . Spring . . . Summer . . . she must remember. Everytime I think of the walks in the park . . . Paris in the Spring . . . My heart pounds madly.

It's hot in here, unbearably so. People everywhere . . . old men . . . young men . . . young women . . . old women. People . . . heat . . . men, perspiring, drinking . . . smoke. Women . . . warm perfume, suffocating perfume, perfume that makes your head spin . . . She wore perfume . . . sweet and warm. The heat . . . smoke, swirling toward the ceiling.

Ten o'clock, that's the time when she usually meets me. She may have been held up . . . she will come! The door . . . no . . . smoke . . . I can barely see the door; when it opens it brings no cooling draft, only more humid air pushing its way into the stifling room.

* * * *

It's cooler now . . . The smoke seems to disappear as I watch it . . . where? It's funny the things you think about when you have all the time in the world . . . She said she would come . . . The tables, with chairs upside down on top of them make grotesque shapes, but stand harmless and lonely in the shadows . . . Why didn't she come?

"Monsieur, you must leave now. It is almost dawn!"

"Yes, Antoine, I'm leaving . . . but if she should come . . . "

"Oui, Monsieur, I will tell her."

"Thanks a million, Antoine . . . I knew you'd understand."

"A'voir, Monsieur . . . Maybe tomorrow . . . Oui?"

"Sure, Antoine . . . Maybe tomorrow . . . "

Peggy Foxall '54

POJO

"Eek!" cried a voice from below, and Pojo leaned his head over a thread of his web and looked scornfully downward. There, seated below, were the three Smiths and a guest. It was the guest who had shrieked. Pojo was disgusted with the girl. What was harmful about himself,

a poor, innocent little spider, who had made his home with the Smiths for a number of months now? He was just beginning to feel at home because he'd had time enough to establish a headquarters in every corner of the living room, so that he didn't have to go very far when he wanted new food and a clean bed. Since the atmosphere was just beginning to get so homelike, Pojo hated to have somebody come along who didn't think that spiders were a legitimate part of every household.

In his former residences, there had always been people with such notions, usually officious women, who came around with cloth-covered brooms and brushed away his homes. When people intentionally destroy one's home, it gives one the feeling that one is unwanted. Well, Pojo refuses to be pushed around, but he doesn't like to inconvenience people, either, if he can help it; so Pojo eventually left these residences, and after a good deal of gallivanting, he finally found the Smith house. That was three months ago, however, and by now Pojo was beginning to look like a satisfied bachelor. He was a little plumper, his black and white stripes had begun to stand out more distinctly, and all in all he looked like the perfect "catch" for any desiring young spider belle. All the young lady spiders used to turn up their noses at him because he had been so thin and shrunken from having moved so much. He had looked gray and dingy. But now Pojo wasn't gray, but beautifully black and white. And since he had settled down, he had time to clip all the fingernails on each of his six legs, and not just on one leg every night as he used to do. Yes, Pojo was really thriving.

But it did disturb him when his presence excited the Smiths' company. The Smiths, Mrs. Smith especially, had been very kind to him in his need. Please don't misunderstand me, though. It wasn't that Mrs. Smith didn't keep the house clean, or anything like that. She was a very meticulous person. But she did belong to the Humane Society, and she included spiders in her conception of animals, and thought therefore that it was necessary to be kind to them. This was very much to Pojo's advantage, and, believe me, he reveled in his comfort. And because his benefactors had been so kind to him, he thought that it was his duty to repay them in every way possible; so whenever the Smiths had company he tried to be thoughtful and hide under or behind something. He always remembers with glee and also contrition the time that he hid at the base of a flower pot, and a rather large woman picked up the pot, saying, "My, what a lov— eek!—a spider!" and staggered backwards in alarm, dropping the pot with a crash.

Well, on this particular night, Pojo was feeling facetious; so, instead of hiding, as usual, he crawled along the edge of the ceiling to one of his homes which was located chummily over the dining table. Once there, he stationed himself contentedly, and smiled a wicked smile. The little girl guest, who was surveying the room from her seat, glanced up at the ceiling and uttered the cry previously recorded. Pojo, after looking downward, started to get up and methodically began to spin a thread down toward the table. Lower and lower he swung until he was within about two feet of the table. Here he hung by his toes and stared at the little girl, who by now was at the other end of the room, biting her fingers and screaming. Then, receiving an angry look from Mr. Smith, he scrambled back up the thread and sauntered away along the edge of the ceiling, his business completed.

While idly resting with his eyes closed, the next day, Pojo was rudely disturbed by some bristles prodding at his back. Presently he found himself being uncontrollably carried on the end of a broom toward the open door. Once outside he was abruptly deposited on the cold lawn. "Well," he said huffily, "There's just no love in this world!" and haughtily departed.

Loraine Bills '53

"LET THERE BE LIFE"

It is spring. Everywhere green is budding forth in hundreds of different shades. The whole world seems to be garbed in a new robe, all fresh and full of life. Everywhere life is going on with a new zest.

Everywhere? No, not quite. In a small hospital room high on the fourth floor lies a little girl. For her there is hardly life itself, yet she has courage, and with courage a great will to fight, to live, to survive.

The door to her room opens and admits a nurse and two orderlies. The girl is only semi-conscious. She has been given drugs to make her drowsy in preparation for the anesthetic and—the operation. She is gently lifted to the stretcher and covered with a sheet, then wheeled out. The nurse walks noiselessly beside the stretcher as it

rolls down the corridor. Inside the operating room, the little girl is again lifted—this time to the operating table. She stirs and murmurs something softly. The nurse takes her hand, while the doctor speaks to her in a reassuring voice.

Now the little girl is conscious of figures moving about and bending over her. She is once more inhaling "that peppermint-smelling stuff." (This is not her first operation.) The figures seem to be dancing weirdly, now on the floor, now upside down on the ceiling. She can hear faintly the hushed whispers of the doctors and attending nurses, but it is as though they are speaking a foreign language that she cannot understand.

She feels herself falling, yet she is strapped firmly to the table. She is standing on the edge of a high cliff. The cliff gradually gives way and she is falling . . . down . . . down . . . into the dark abyss of unconsciousness . . .

The operation has begun.

Marilyn Pucci '53

JONNIE

There's only one boy in my life. His name is Jonnie. I see him everyday. Almost always he is very sweet. He is a good conversationalist and also good at acrobatics. He isn't a very fastidious dresser—but then who wants the boy in your life to be "just so!"

He is very tactful and clever. One day he came up to me and said, "Know something, I like you!" I would've done anything for him then. As a matter of fact, I did. He wanted somthing "*very important*" done that instant.

Quite often he eats supper with us. I remember one night in particular. We were having Haasenpfeffer for dinner. He couldn't pronounce it even though he tried again and again. Maybe, if he had been just any boy it would have seemed queer—but with Jonnie, it just added to his charm.

Jonnie has the ability to flirt with a girl without making her or anybody else angry, as some boys might have the bad fortune to do. No one can resist him at these times.

Sometimes he comes up to me and says all sorts of flattering things, with a devilish glint in his eye. I used to be taken in by that, but now I know that he only does it when he wants something or has a guilty conscience. Then is my time to watch out. Nevertheless, I always do what he wants or help him out of his embarrassing situation. I don't think I'll ever learn!

Some days I look out the window and see Jonnie sauntering across the backyard with his hands in his pockets—and inevitably a dirty old shirt on, and dungarees worn thin at the seat and knees. His hair at these times is never combed—come to think of it, it very seldom is. His hat, the one with the dog-eared felt muffs, is set at a ridiculous angle. His shoes are thick with dust or mud, as the case may be. All in all, he makes a very appealing picture, as I think, "There goes my little brother, Jonnie."

Jane Knight '55

SO MUCH FOR A DOG

A small chubby face pressed itself against the window of the Pet Shop and stared wistfully at the sad-eyed little puppy dog inside. "I just know he wants to come home with me," the small boy told himself. "No little dog wants to be kept in that big, awful old pet shop all the time." The child played his finger up and down the glass, watching the dog's tail wag back and forth with the pleasure of having someone pay attention to him. Then remembering his mother home alone, waiting for his return, the boy said aloud, "I have to go now, little puppy dog, but don't you worry, cuz someday I'll take you home with me forever and then you won't never have to come back here again." Giving the dog one last look, the child turned and ran in the direction of home.

His mother was putting what little food there was for supper on the table when he reached the flat. The boy noticed immediately that she was very tired, as she always was at night. Though she was still young, her steps were heavy and the lines across her forehead were deep. Years of supporting herself and a small son had not been easy for her. She looked up at the sound of the door slamming.

"Come here, Bobby," she said. "There's another button off your coat. My goodness, but it's hard to keep you looking decent!"

The boy ran toward his mother. "Oh, Mom, you got to let me have him. He wants me to have him."

"What, Bobby?" She pulled his shabby coat from him and counted the missing buttons.

"The dog, Mom," Bobby said excitedly. "I got to have him. You'd love him, Mom. He's so sad looking. I just know you'd love him."

"What dog, Bobby?" she asked, laughing. "You're going so fast I can't keep up with you. Now start over . . . slowly."

"Well," he began, "you know that pet shop down on the corner, Mom . . . Well . . . "

"Pet shop," she interrupted him. "Pets cost money, dear."

"I know, Mom, but it's not much. I asked the man in there yesterday and he said it was only five dollars, that's all . . . Aw . . . please, Mom."

There was a long silence. The mother of the small boy looked slowly around their meager flat. She took in every detail—the old wooden furniture, the pot under the place where the roof leaked, the dime store dishes on the table. There was so much to spend her small supply of money on besides a dog. To her, five dollars meant eight hours of hard and grinding labor. If only she could explain to the eager child beside her that she simply couldn't afford to buy him a dog. If only she could show him all the things, so much more important, that she must save every penny for. If only she could tell him, and make him understand, that food and clothing had to come first. Her eyes rested on his patched shirt and his out-grown shoes, but then, meeting his happy, expectant eyes, she knew her answer. She would never be able to say no to this excited little boy, waiting for her to speak. Her new coat and the curtains would have to wait till next year—after all, she didn't need them, anyway.

Susan Wells '54

HOLLY BERRIES

Carolyn hurried into the door, her arms laden with packages, topped by a branch of holly. She plumped them down on the cheap, stuffed davenport and took off her coat. Quickly she began to undo the packages, one by one. Most of them contained food, bought with money that had been saved for weeks. She unwrapped the small turkey proudly and carried it into her tiny kitchen. Placing it in the icebox and piling the rest of her packages on the counter, she returned to the livingroom.

Carolyn's eyes turned toward the mantel. Propped up on the top of it was a piece of yellow paper—a telegram.

"Will arrive 11 A.M. Christmas morning," it read. "Love, Jack."

It was what she had been looking for for weeks. Anything to let her know that her husband would be home for Christmas. Yesterday, it had come.

Carolyn sighed and sat down on the davenport. "11 A.M. Christmas morning." Tomorrow was Christmas. And today, she had gone to the store and bought everything her pocketbook would allow—things she knew Jack would like. First, holly with lots of berries, then turkey, dressing, good vegetables, squash pie. It was all here. All she was waiting for was her husband to complete her picture. She leaned back against the cushions and, exhausted from her shopping, fell asleep.

The next morning dawned clear, crisp and cold. She straightened the tiny apartment and put the turkey in the oven. The table was set, everything else was ready, and she was too nervous to do anything but pace the floor and comb her hair. She made quick trips to the kitchen to look at the turkey and to assure herself that everything else was ready and waiting—waiting for him.

As the clock was striking eleven, Carolyn ran to the window. A taxi was drawing up in the street below. A tall man in an army uniform got out, paid the driver and came into the building. She had not been able to see his face.

She waited breathlessly for the door to the room to open. After a minute or two, she heard a knock. She frowned. It was funny that Jack should knock. Slowly, she opened the door and found herself face to face with a tall man in the khaki-colored uniform of the army.

"Mrs. Wakefield?"

"Yes," she replied.

"I'm Captain Downing, your husband's commanding officer."

"Yes," she repeated, slowly.

"I have to tell you— . . . " he began, looking away from her.

Carolyn closed her eyes and listened to him. Soon his words were just a muffled sound to her ears and she could catch only fragments of the horrible story he was relating.

"Coming around a corner—the car swerved—unavoidable—died on the way to the hospital."

Captain Downing raised his tired eyes to hers. He could catch nothing in her dead stare. He cleared his throat.

"Here's something he wanted me to give to you. He wrote it right before he . . . "

She held out her hand and took the crumpled note. Without looking at it, she smiled.

"Thank you, Captain," she said dully.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Wakefield," he replied and

started for the door. He opened it and before going out, turned and looked at her.

"It's funny how a man can go through a war without a scratch, then come home and . . . " he gestured hopelessly.

He nodded his head and went out.

Carolyn stood motionless, staring ahead of her. Slowly, she lowered her head and looked at the note.

"Always remember that I love you, darling.
Jack."

She repeated it several times, as if trying to find some hidden meaning in it. The note finally fluttered to the floor.

Carolyn turned and started for the kitchen.

Janice Vaughn '52

THE FIRST SNOWFALL

Softly, gently, falling—all fluffy and white.
Sparkling, twinkling, shining—like stars of the night.
Each little flake, so beautiful to see—
And they belong to me.

But I will share them with you, with you, and you,
And when that rascal sun appears,
He'll share them, too!

Lorane Clark, Grade 8

ONE MINUTE

One minute—time enough to shape and build a dream,
Or destroy it with bitter force.
Long enough to start a new and beautiful life,
Or cause its sudden death.

Once gone it can never live again,
Only the memory of it will remain.
No two minutes are alike.
Therefore, make the most of each
Single, precious one.

Treat a minute as a jewel that must not be lost,
Or as money, to be spent wisely, but never wasted.
And that one minute will repay you twicefold
With more and happier minutes
Following in quick succession.

Marilyn Pucci '53

RAINY NIGHT

From my window I look upon
The street
Sight and life greet me
Twice reflected
Rain's whiteness has now
Colors of the rainbow's prism—
Human colors
Reds and greens splashed with
Purple and yellows—
Glistening blackness
The crowds move ceaselessly
Noise??? . . . Music!!!

Georgette Heyman '52

WATER

Water is nice.
It can be steam, or ice.
The best water is cold—except, of course, a hot bath.
Water can be deep or shallow.
The sun determines its temperature.
Water is good.
It can quench your thirst.
Water can be used for swimming in summer
Or skating in winter.
Water can save homes from fire,
Or destroy homes by flood.
But water as we know it is our friend.

Jeanette Phelps, Grade 7

NOVEMBER MOOD

The stones are cold through my woolen skirt
A million tiny shivers tingle my flesh
I wait . . .
A leaf dances dejectedly from its barren home
Slowly circling, then swooping softly to the earth
I watch . . .
A dingy little cat stretches its thin paws
Towards its own small fleeting shadow
I listen . .
The wailing wind plays with the wild autumn grass
It grows dark.

Georgette Heyman '52

1. It says here. 2. Genius at work. 3. Hashing it over. 4. What's the joke? 5. P.J.'s at a hen party. 6. Walk much? 7. We all agree! 8. Monkey see, monkey do. 9. Catching flies? 10. Watch the birdie!

CALENDA
195

SEPTEMBER

17—10 minute classes suggested plan for 1951 and 1952.
19—"I can't get my dough-nut off the top of my coke bottle."
20—Harmon remembers satire seen in Northampton Tavern, astonishes senior English Class.
25—Seniors warned against further use of eighth grade history books.
28—Clark's pencil explodes for ninth time in study hall. Steps to be taken are considered.

OCTOBER

2—Clark explodes.
3—Girls speak on Northfield Conference.
8—Goodwin returns (?) from weekend. Senior class registers at Connecticut College.
14—Angevine returns from New York, New York! and Gratwick from Big Red.
17—Mrs. Sibley speaks on Japanese Peace Conference.
22—News that former member of the class of '52 is engaged sends seniors scurrying . . . for jars of PONDS.
31—Mr. English shows movies on South Africa. Lions and tigers give chills to all.

NOVEMBER

7—Movies on Corsica by Mr. Landucci.
14—Dramatic Club presents "The Dear Departed" . . . Kitch wakes from the dead to Heather's dismay.
22, 23—Vacation, and we make a few pilgrimages of our own!

DECEMBER

14—Juniors begin to ask dates to the Christmas Dance.
18—"When at Night I go to Sleep" . . . "Hansel and Gretel."
19—Syl plays again. Vacation begins with a rousing cheer!

JANUARY

3—The door is always open! Champagne served at Recess. (Ha! Ha!)
12—Seniors are a complete blank, but awake in the balcony of the Palace Theater.
16—Freshmen give "Pyramus and Thisbe" the works!
23, 24, 25—D-d-d-don't worry! You'll pass 'em.
28—Snowy up there at Placid?

OF EVENTS
952

FEBRUARY

1—Lennox puts on sarong at Cornell.
6—Charlie Chaplin is an old friend of the 8th grade.
8—Robert P. Tristam Coffin speaks at Columbia . . . a rare and beautiful experience for us all.
9—Holahan bridge club with faculty (1) . . . another diller!
18—Liz and Patsy appear at 8:30 via taxi. Pretty soft, you two!
20—Eddie's Roller Palace quakes as seventh grade gives us a good time. Miss Nye campaigns for President and Miss Skillin recites Einstein in two seconds.
26—Tea at Little House for seniors. Hems will be five inches below floor of gym.
27—And the sophomores are still selling us candy!

MARCH

12—Our talent comes out again!
15—Seniors slaughter College Boards, (or do we mean the other way around?) around?)
18—School elects "Ike" for President by smashing vote. Miss Nye receives two votes, (and this is only March!)
18—Oops, sorry! Try again, Kitch.
20—"Hi, paw . . . ", "Hiya, dotter!"
21—Buy your matchsticks now, girls. Spring Vacation!

APRIL

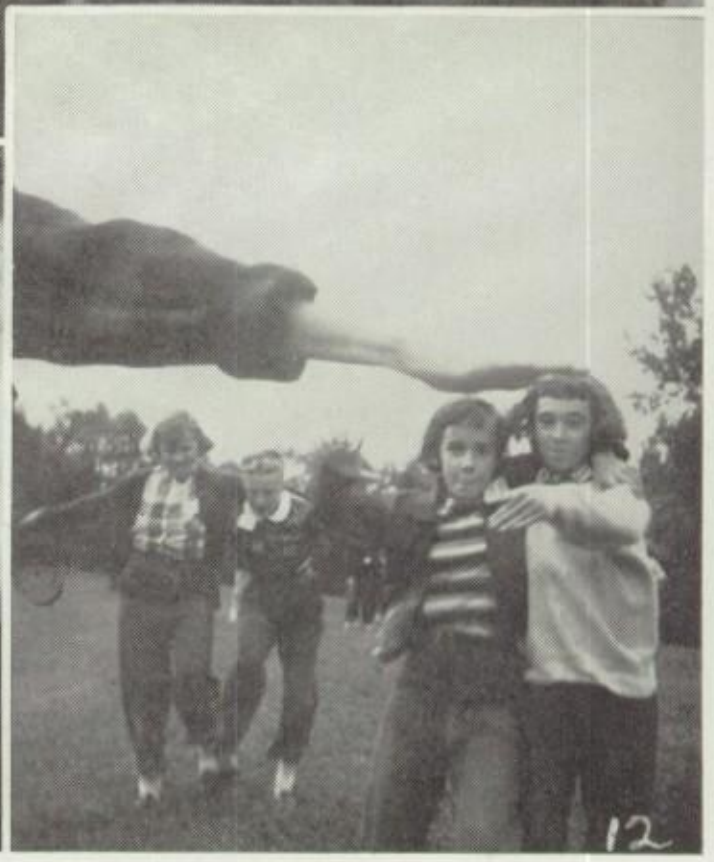
7—Now prop up your eyes with 'em and recite that French verb.
18—The Fling! Seniors brought fathers.

MAY

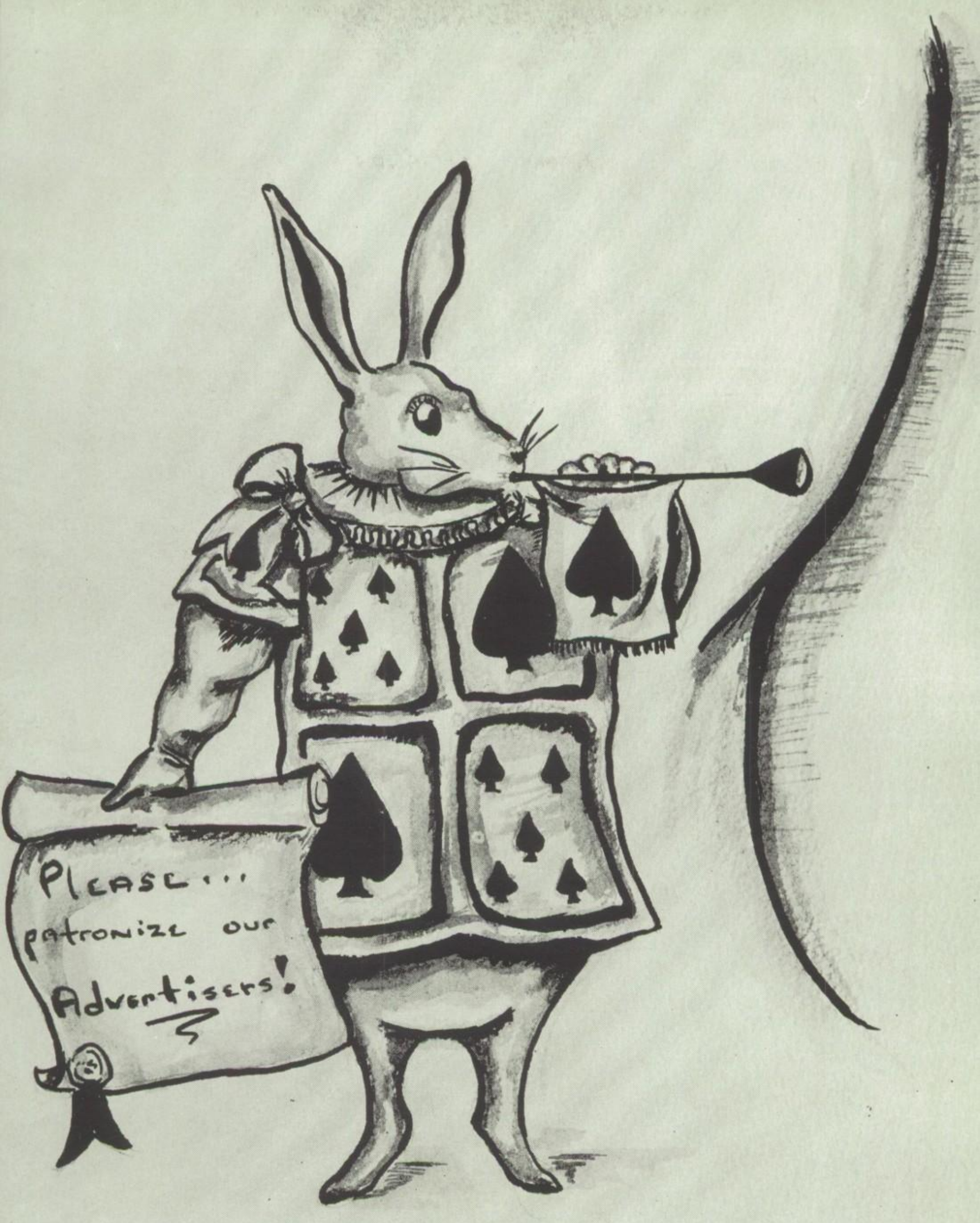
1—Privileges!
16—Call me early, Mother, for I'm to be Queen of the May.
19—There's good news today, Mother.
22—A game of baseball and a hot-dog for everybody.
28—Passing of offices. We give you our gavels and our best wishes.
29—Class Day.

JUNE

2, 3, 4—Why are all the CS girls roaming the streets and muttering?
5—"The day of march has come!" A goodbye to the little geeses.
6—Whew! Whoopee! and a rooty toot toot!



1. Those innocent looks. 2. We can give that to the clothes drive. 3. Just call us Ava. 4. Move over, Joe! 5. Lady wrestlers. 6. We're in high spirits tonight. 7. I like Ike - -. 8. Where's your apple, Barb? 9. Who dat? 10. The three musketeers! 11. The heavy arm of the law. 12. Think we'll make it?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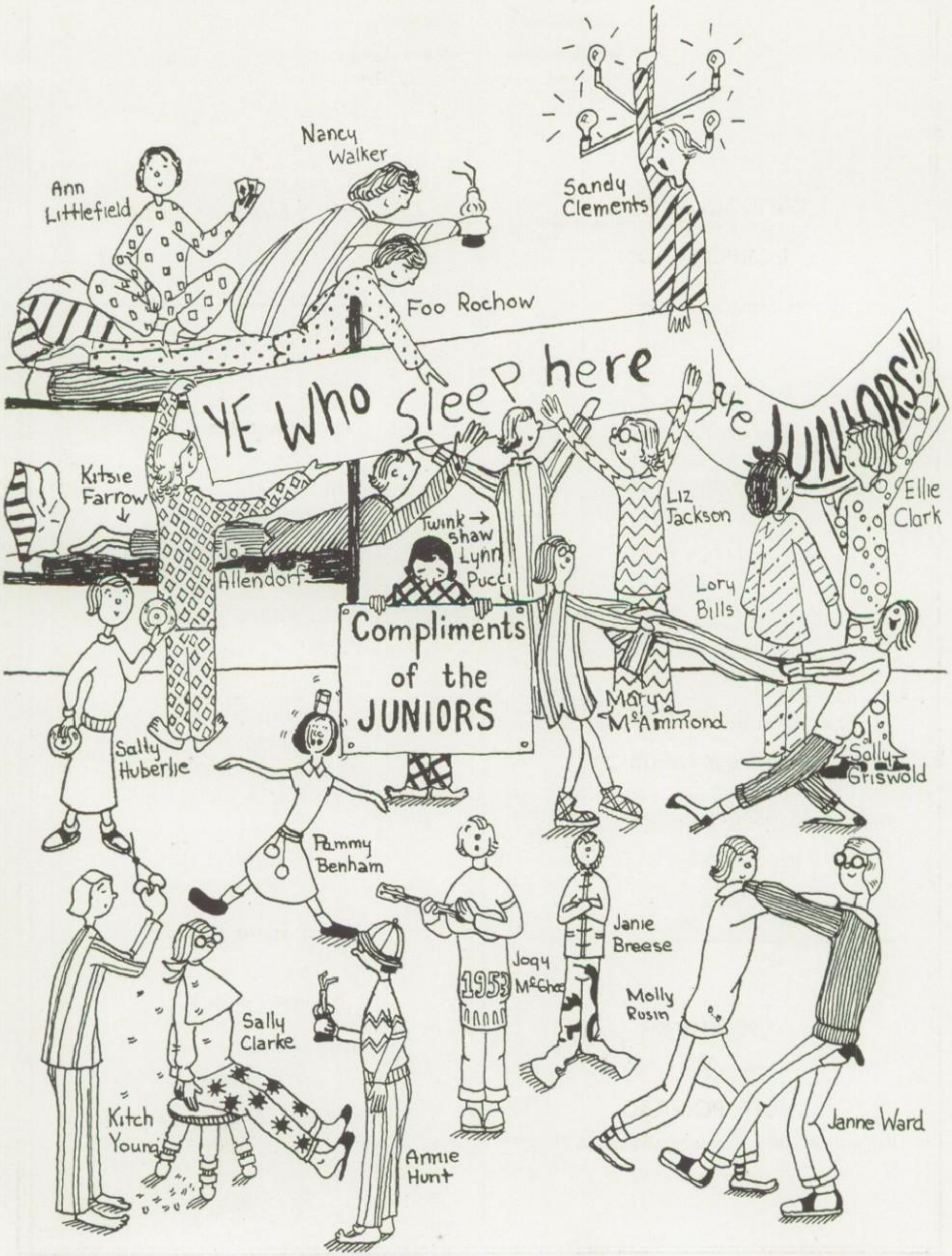
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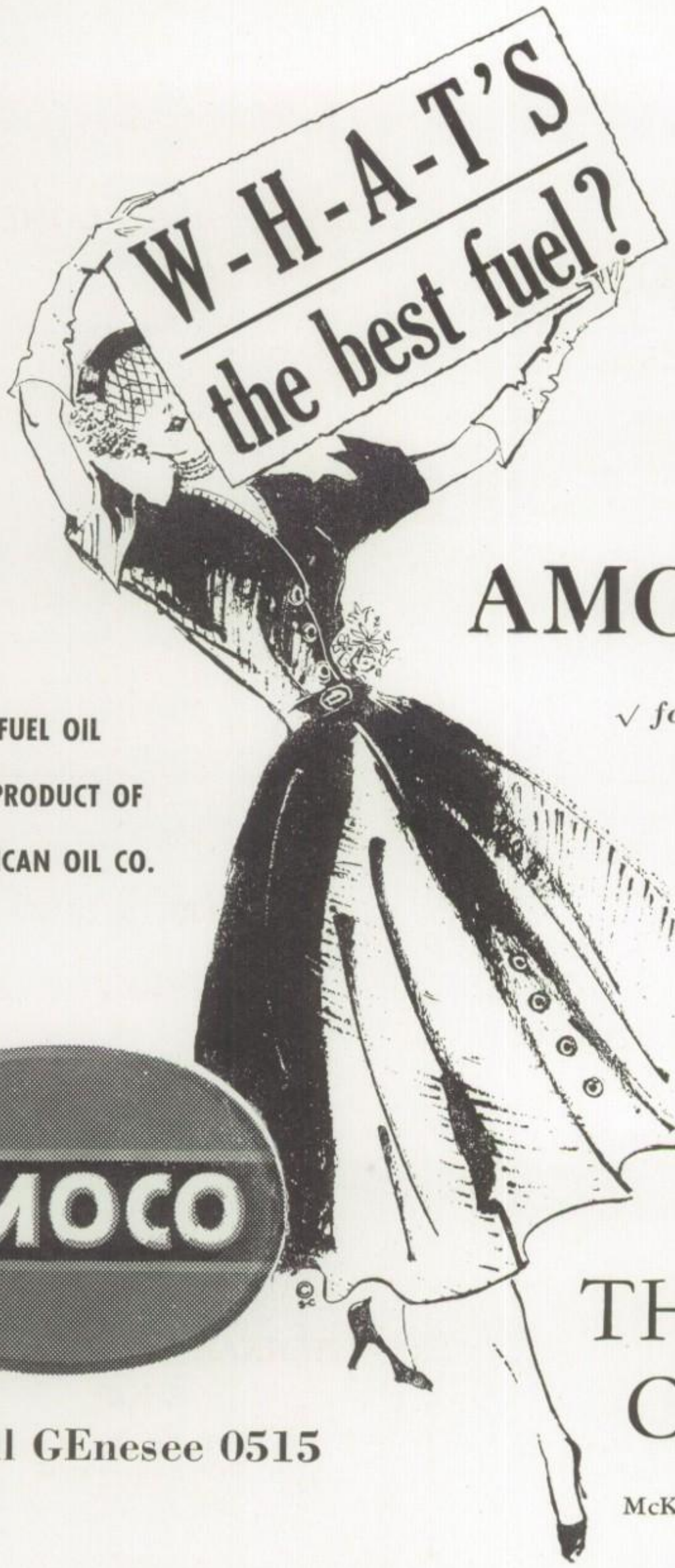

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